

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1887.

NO. 257.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

AT—

52 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

—AT—

SPRING HILL, NEAR VERSAILLES, KY.

DEAR INTERIOR:—Last night I slept under a blanket, for comfort, and this morning sat at my open window in such a delightful and untroubled state of consciousness that I can do no less than mark my gratitude for the welcome change than record my thankfulness in a letter to the INTERIOR. With all my heart I "Praise the LORD" that the back of the heated term is at last broken, and refreshing rains are lifting the dejected heads of the famishing crops once more. No so pathetic a sight have I seen for long, and the curled and blistered corn leaves, smitten after they had almost "made a crop" for us. Alas!

"Almost cannot avail. Almost is not to fail!" And the "poor dear things," as Thomas Hughes, of Rugby, calls all abused vegetable nature, seemed to know in their dumb way that they had fallen short, just at the critical moment. Like the Indian's woman, in the ring of fire, they seemed to have given over the fight for life and just curled up to die. The heap and tobacco, stunted, and with the fatal yellow of the lower leaves, born of the fiery summer heat and telling out how they were suffering, in their turn, took up the sad refrain of outraged nature. I care less for them; but the corn and grass, needful food for man and beast, how dreadful to see these life-sustainers scorched and blasted by the wasting heat!

And then, the pitiful clouds, looking down from their cool, airy heights and longing in vain desire to spill their hoarded treasures upon the panting denizens of earth; how they were made to mock us, instead, by the "Prince of the power of the air," to whom all this anguish of man, bird, beast, and plant was sweetest enjoyment. He gloated over the misery he made. Again and again the merciful waters "which are above the firmament," charged in serried battalions to our help; but in vain. The girdle of fire was too much for them, and they melted in the presence of the summer's hot breath, like the gallant regiments that I met of, that in sorrowful days gone by assailed in vain some impregnable position and withered before the few darts that swept them from the earth.

Thank God, the Good, the Merciful, that at last they succored us, when ready to perish! And how soon is all forgotten! One delicious, soaking rain and the grass begins to spring green again; the hushed voices of the birds gush once more in song and I can resume my broken correspondence in sweet oblivion of the fact that but three days ago no sooner did I take pen in hand to compose some absolutely needless article, than the cry of distress came to the partner of my life: "Oo, wife, please come and see me while I write, I'm melting!" Happy the man, wherever he lived, who had for a wife that heated term one so sweetly suggestive as "Fanny!" What an abandoned wretch he must have been if he did not appreciate her! Even my plain "Jane" was an untold treasure in that hour of need.

Let me see, we were in historic RUGBY when I last wrote, and at that famous hostility, T. S. Barnard. Let me recall for a few moments, ere they fit into the dimly remembered past, the few incidents, commonplace but most delightful, that marked the closing days of that charming visit to "Tom Brown's" colony. Nath, Sister Sue and their sweetest of sweet little daughters, were gone. John of the same name, and Mary, "wife of the above," had also scattered out, greatly to the temporary discomfiture of our little party. But the broken ranks were well filled by the seasonable arrival of Rob Evans, the genial and true, and Miss Teresa Worthington, gentle, sweet and good. These from Danville, the "hub." Then from the Capital came those gallant soldiers and model gentlemen, the brothers Fayette and Virgil Hewitt. No kinder, truer, steadier friends of this gospel troupe have we than these pre-eminently gentle-men; and we are all thoroughly proud to know it. Frank, Brother Virgil's splendid boy, accompanied them, and never allowed things to stagnate while within reach of his most mercurial presence. For keeping everybody and everything healthily and continuously stirred up, commend me to a bright, healthy, moderately mischievous boy of 12, like our universal favorite, Frank, upon whom the sun seemed to exert no repressing influence, whose spirit was always at "tolling point," and who jollily defied even the Rigby ticks.

Time would fail to tell of the long, hot walks we took on alternate days (exhausted nature needed the "every other" to recuperate in); how a delicious swim in the tepid waters repaid us for the fatigue of reaching the favored spots, where enough water remained, undrunk by the thirsty drought, to float us comfortably how we returned to the Tabard laden with floral, wildwood spoils, and not wholly free from those acerbic compliments of mountain ramblings, in July, the 1-ks. aforesaid. I, the broad, breezy hater, after a while, would gather to "talk," the conversation turning into a sort of informal sermon by a drift of common consent. Then an evening drive, with a happy company of five or more, behind "Joe" and "Sultan," or other bony backs of the "livery" order, who did grand service those hot days in keeping up our contact with the outer world, as well as conveying us to all available points that the rough roads permitted.

Who should come in one day from the neighboring burg of Glen Mary but our dear friend of ten years, John Clark, driving his team of diminutive gray mules, with that nervous one arm of his, better than most men could do it with two. His left, to the shoulder, nearly, he left for his country in battle before Atlanta. One contribution, meaning much to him, whose nervous, energetic nature could have worn out a dozen arms, among so many like it, to what, in the aggregate, made up the cause of "Union—one and indivisible." I think now, though I didn't once, that the price was not too dear to pay for the blessing secured. If we could only pension the poor fellows who died for their country, that "100 millions" the politicians are looking at with blinking eyes and slobbering mouths could easily be put in the place where it "would do the most good." The others are fully paid already. I wish I had the disposal of the mighty sum. I am not going to tell what I would do with it, until Congress entertains the proposition of committing it to me to spend. Then I will unfold my plan. Our dear John—grand, honest, truthful John, was only with us part of one day. Then off to his coal mine again, to resume his management. One of "nature's noblemen," refined and uplifted by grace. I know few equals of this grand friend, whom we met first in our Albany meeting, near the Tennessee line, and formed an acquaintance, fast ripening into friendship that not death can sever.

I believe the dear LORD used us to do "lots" of good at Rugby. We will always be glad we visited it. Others will, too, we hope. May the colony flourish, as I think it ultimately is bound to do, being an inheritance and trust. Yes, it is certain to succeed, from that standpoint, if from no other.

Our ride to the station, this day we left was delightful, though the sun was merciless. The romantic road well repaid for slight discomfort. By the wayside, a few miles out of Rugby, we came upon an uncouth, not to say "uncanny" hut of logs, where dwells in hermit seclusion, allowing none to intrude upon his privacy, an English gentleman, of some private means; a liberal education, speaking fluently five or six modern languages, who, for some mysterious reason, has chosen this reclusive life, and lives in a state of almost savage separation from his kind. At intervals, as possible he comes to Rugby to purchase some simple stores, saluting none, swinging his bag of things brought across his muscular shoulders and stalking back to his forest retreat again. The back drivers bring his English mail, attend to his rare commissions and know no more about him than the rest. He is one of the unexplained "mysteries" and there is such an atmosphere of awe about his life that everyone gives him a "wide berth." Of course there are not wanting those who are "dying to know" who he is. They will probably die before they do solve the problem.

(Continued next issue.)

ate in; how a delicious swim in the tepid waters repaid us for the fatigue of reaching the favored spots, where enough water remained, undrunk by the thirsty drought, to float us comfortably how we returned to the Tabard laden with floral, wildwood spoils, and not wholly free from those acerbic compliments of mountain ramblings, in July, the 1-ks. aforesaid. I, the broad, breezy hater, after a while, would gather to "talk," the conversation turning into a sort of informal sermon by a drift of common consent. Then an evening drive, with a happy company of five or more, behind "Joe" and "Sultan," or other bony backs of the "livery" order, who did grand service those hot days in keeping up our contact with the outer world, as well as conveying us to all available points that the rough roads permitted.

Who should come in one day from the neighboring burg of Glen Mary but our dear friend of ten years, John Clark, driving his team of diminutive gray mules, with that nervous one arm of his, better than most men could do it with two. His left, to the shoulder, nearly, he left for his country in battle before Atlanta. One contribution, meaning much to him, whose nervous, energetic nature could have worn out a dozen arms, among so many like it, to what, in the aggregate, made up the cause of "Union—one and indivisible." I think now, though I didn't once, that the price was not too dear to pay for the blessing secured. If we could only pension the poor fellows who died for their country, that "100 millions" the politicians are looking at with blinking eyes and slobbering mouths could easily be put in the place where it "would do the most good." The others are fully paid already. I wish I had the disposal of the mighty sum. I am not going to tell what I would do with it, until Congress entertains the proposition of committing it to me to spend. Then I will unfold my plan. Our dear John—grand, honest, truthful John, was only with us part of one day. Then off to his coal mine again, to resume his management. One of "nature's noblemen," refined and uplifted by grace. I know few equals of this grand friend, whom we met first in our Albany meeting, near the Tennessee line, and formed an acquaintance, fast ripening into friendship that not death can sever.

I believe the dear LORD used us to do "lots" of good at Rugby. We will always be glad we visited it. Others will, too, we hope. May the colony flourish, as I think it ultimately is bound to do, being an inheritance and trust. Yes, it is certain to succeed, from that standpoint, if from no other.

Our ride to the station, this day we left was delightful, though the sun was merciless. The romantic road well repaid for slight discomfort. By the wayside, a few miles out of Rugby, we came upon an uncouth, not to say "uncanny" hut of logs, where dwells in hermit seclusion, allowing none to intrude upon his privacy, an English gentleman, of some private means; a liberal education, speaking fluently five or six modern languages, who, for some mysterious reason, has chosen this reclusive life, and lives in a state of almost savage separation from his kind. At intervals, as possible he comes to Rugby to purchase some simple stores, saluting none, swinging his bag of things brought across his muscular shoulders and stalking back to his forest retreat again. The back drivers bring his English mail, attend to his rare commissions and know no more about him than the rest. He is one of the unexplained "mysteries" and there is such an atmosphere of awe about his life that everyone gives him a "wide berth." Of course there are not wanting those who are "dying to know" who he is. They will probably die before they do solve the problem.

(Continued next issue.)

Before Gov. Buckner is two years older he will learn that the chief duty of the governor of Kentucky is to appoint two or three thousand political friends notary public that his Assistant Secretary of State may collect a fee of \$2 each from them; make a list of a few thousand vain asses in various parts of the State; grant a pardon or two a month; write letters of regret to managers of country fairs; spend his salary in giving "Governor's Receptions," and at the end of his term make arrangements to retire to private life the most abused and most wretched of men.—(Louisville Commercial.)

"Amused, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre table, and place three or four hymn books carefully around on the sofa. I have advertised for a young man to board in a cheerful, Christian family, and I'll tell you what, if you don't manage, either one of you, to take him in, why I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired out."

Caller (to old Mrs. Bently)—"The new minister is making himself quite popular. Is he not, Mrs. Bently?"

Old Mrs. Bently—"Well, I ain't much for him. For the last three Sundays he has prayed for rain and there ain't a drop of it yet."—(Puck.)

A neat proposal of marriage was made by a Yonkers man the other night, who said: "Now, my dear, you say you have \$50,000 in your name, why not put it in mine?"—(Yonkers Statesman.)

DRIPPING SPRINGS.

Possibly of all the bulls which have been here this season, that of last Friday night was the most enjoyable. In addition to the large number of guests who are here about 25 couples came out from Crab Orchard. After the 1st set the entire party became greatly enthused and entered into the dance with their whole heart and soul, and as soon as each set was called there was a rush to obtain places on the floor. The Crab Orchard String Band is rapidly improving. All they need is more practice to make them first-class. Our dances in the future will be on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Everybody invited to attend. All ladies admitted free. Gentlemen who do not take supper with us will be charged 25 cents, to help pay band.

We had seventeen new arrivals on Tuesday and eighteen on Thursday, but as some are leaving every day, it gives room for more. The prospects now are that we could keep well filled up to cold weather. But as my other business demands my attention, I will positively close on the 15th of September. So if you are coming, hurry up. My price is only \$5 per week, and accommodations as good as they are anywhere. I use trains only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays now.

Respectfully,
D. G. SLAUGHTER.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

The death is on us again.

Annie, wife of Sam McKee, colored, died Friday morning of consumption.

Wanted, 100 head of cattle to graze on good mountain range. Address E. K. Baker, London, Laurel county, Ky.

The Cumberland Valley News has changed hands and the people of that section are to be congratulated. The paper will be democratic hereafter.

Leo, the butcher, had grown gradually worse until Sunday evening supposition of his arm was found to be necessary to save his life. Drs. Scales and Ramsey were accordingly called in and performed that delicate piece of surgical work.

Parties who are posted tell us that the prolonged severe drought will cut the yield of corn to a half crop or less in the mountain counties. But the Lord never wholly deserts his people and we are to have an excellent mast for swine.

Mrs. John Magee, of East Bernstadt, has been visiting in this city. Mrs. J. W. Jones is in Louisville. Mrs. R. G. Ward, of Garrard county, is with her mother, Mrs. Jacob Hackney. S. J. Cann was in the city Sunday. J. A. Craft is in Louisville. Mrs. Peter Felton has been very sick.

Mrs. Cleveland in the Sea.

A few minutes later a vision of white arms, waving hair and blue bathing suit rushed pell-mell down the beach into the water with a cry of pleasure. It was Mrs. Cleveland herself, and trotting on behind came Mrs. Langtry. The bay is so land-locked that there is no surf and the water was thoroughly warmed by the sun. Like a child the first lady of the land disported herself. She made a charming sight, with her stunner form and sleekly moulded arms and neck, while over her face hung little tendrils of hair, which only curled higher when they got wet. The bust was magnificently shaped, with head, neck and arms to match. The feet are small and so are the limbs. Like Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cleveland is most perfect from the waist up, not down. She swam like a duck, while Mrs. Fulton floundered near the shore. The news that they were in the water spread, and at once, as they were returning, they met large crowds en route for Delano's, who looked much disgusted when they saw the pair returning.

The yield of minerals in this country is increasing at a surprisingly rapid rate. The increase for 1886 over 1885 was in round numbers \$57,000,000. Of this vast increase the yield and advanced valuation of pig iron alone made an item of \$35,000,000. The value of gold produced in 1885 was \$35,000,000, an increase of \$3,000,000 over the previous year. The annual production of silver is now \$51,000,000 a year, or nearly a dollar for every man, woman and child in the United States. Our National mineral wealth is great, and is increasing at an unprecedented rate. The above interesting facts were found in an exchange without credit.

You have read of the beautiful Indian maiden. I have, and I thought as I read of her she was as attractive and Pocahontas like as the historian had portrayed her. Well, she doesn't look like you think she would. She is generally a big, fat, filthy-looking creature with a blanket around her that comes to her knees, bare-headed with moccasins on that she generally pulls off when they are worn out. The blanket is fastened at the neck and also with a belt at the waist. One thing, and one only, I will say for them, they have the most beautiful pearly looking teeth I ever saw.—(Cincinnati Times.)

The secret of being always entertaining in conversation is so simple that it is astonishing how few people know about it. The rule is always to talk about the personal interests of the one you are talking with. He will save you the trouble of saying much, and will leave you finally with a remarkably good opinion of your powers as an entertainer.

DANVILLE, HAYLE COUNTY.

George Doran, a well known old colored man, was buried last Sunday. He had been sick for several weeks.

Mr. William Lloyd, who drives the stage from Lancaster, complained to the authorities on Saturday that negroes bathing in Harlow's pond near town are in the habit of exposing themselves while his stage containing lady passengers are passing that point.

Sam McKee and Bob Caldwell, both colored, had a fight on Friday at the fair grounds, while the fair was in progress for the last day. Sam was severely cut by a razor and Bob was knocked in the head by Sam with a heavy cane. The trial was called before County Judge Lee Saturday morning and as Bob was somewhat dazed from the licks on his head, the case was continued until he recovers sufficiently. The surgeon who attended McKee says he had a close call for his life.

Messrs. H. G. Sudifer, F. Gilcher, W. G. Dunlap, P. A. Marks, I. G. Adler and S. D. VanPelt went to Harrodsburg Thursday night to assist their brethren of Warren Lodge, W. D., in conferring the E. A. degree. Mrs. Martha McAllister, Miss Mattie McAllister, Messrs. Gus Rogers, Frank Fox, Harry Wiseman, Lucien Logan and G. I. Caldwell have returned from a ten days' sojourn at Cumberland Falls. Mrs. Julius Burgeen, of Louisville, is visiting Mrs. Frank Gilcher. Mr. Joseph Moore has returned from Rowan and Carter counties. He was in the court-room at Morehead while somebody was preparing affidavits to swear Judge Cole off the bench. The outlaws were quiet during Mr. Moore's stay in Morehead.

"Dr." T. J. Spencer & Co., 527 West 6th street, Cincinnati, have in some surprising manner obtained the addresses of a large number young ladies in Danville and vicinity and have sent to them three circulars referring in the coarsest manner to female diseases and weaknesses, with suggestions how to obtain additional information, etc. It is difficult to speak delicately of a matter like this in public print, but when any man or set of men seek to engage mere children and young, inexperienced girls in correspondence upon subjects like the above, upon which their mothers and family physicians upon the application of their mothers, should alone advise them, the mere attempt stamps him or them as unprincipled scoundrels, who have other objects in view than appear on the surface.

Already there is some talk here and elsewhere in the county as to who shall be the next sheriff. The "bosses" haven't altogether laid aside their old tactics and throw out "feelers" indicating their choice, and they say, "why, how can anyone refuse to vote for such a man?" The people on other occasions not yet forgotten didn't so much, if indeed at all, object, personally to some of the candidates, but they did object to a few gentlemen getting together and in a quiet way naming who the voters generally should under the whip of party lash come up and support. Don't talk about "party allegiance" when the methods of the "leaders" are such as to create a suspicion, at least, that they are the ones who are really responsible for the apathy and discontent of voters. Members of all parties are beginning to think for themselves, and when intelligent men in either party see that it is all turkey for some and all buzzard for others, they are sooner of later "mighty apt" to kick. Give the rank and file a chance once in a while, gentlemen; don't ostracize old and tried workers in the party and then think you can drive them like sheep to the shambles.

Tar Heel Squirrels.

A farmer named Corner, of Boone county, West Virginia, has invented a new plan to catch squirrels, which has proven a great success. He has a large corn field which borders on the woods and which the squirrels have almost devastated during the past season. Having hit upon a plan, he first watched the animals and found that when they had made a raid and retired they retreated to the woods almost invariably along one particular line of fence. Having learned this fact, Corner covered the top rail of that line of fence with tar, putting on a heavy coat. This he did in the evening and in the morning when he went to the field he saw a long line of squirrels running along the fence toward the woods. They succeeded in clearing the fence, but when they struck the woods the leaves and sticks stuck to their feet so badly that they could not climb the trees nor run very far even on the leaves. The first capture amounted to 27 squirrels, and within a week Corner had captured and killed over 100 squirrels by his unique device.—(Christian Advocate.)

"Oh, I wish I were dead. I never supposed John would talk to me in that way." Omaha Dame—"It's only a lover's quarrel. Don't get a divorce." "Divorce! Horrors! I never dreamed of it." "No, it's no use, dear; no use at all. Every lady in Chicago will tell you it is just as hard to get along with one man as another. They are all alike!"—(Omaha Bride.)

A man in Albany, New York, fell asleep in an oven and was baked for 40 hours. As he has never lived in St. Louis in the summer time the effect was fatal.—(Chicago News.)

BANK STOCK!

Fifty Shares of Farmers National Bank of Stanford for Sale.

I will sell the above stock before the Court-house door in Stanford, County Court day, Sept. 24th, 1887.

252-11 Administrator Rachel Jones, Sec. d.

G. A. BENEDICT & CO.,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Well Drillers and Pump Adjusters.

Wells Drilled to order and pumps furnished at factory prices.

252-11

E. H. FOX,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

DANVILLE, KY.

Has removed to his elegant new building opposite the post office and is better than ever prepared to accommodate the public with fine pictures from Photographs to Life-size. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Stanford Female College.

ALEX. S. PAXTON, PRES.

Next Session will begin on

Thursday, the 1st of September

Instruction thorough, and discipline kind, but firm. Graduates on four different courses arranged to suit the tastes and capacities of girls. Offers special attractions in the Departments of Art and Music. Send for catalogue.

252-11

NOTICE.

To the Citizen of Lincoln County:

Having recently equipped a fine Roller Mill in the town of Stanford that we defy any Mill to equal in quality of flour, we think the citizens of the county should have county pride enough to patronize and sustain the same. We wish to inform whom it may concern that we are in the market to buy your wheat and corn and will always give the highest market price for same. We have added some new machinery to our corn meal department and can now make meal to suit any person. It cannot be equaled by any other Mill in this vicinity. We solicit a trial in our flour and meal department. All having grain in our line for sale will please call at Mill, where our agent can be found at all times, who will give the best prices for same. Brand and ship always in stock.

W. N. POTTS, Sup't.

Stanford Roller Mill Co.

Notice of Incorporation!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation and have recorded the articles thereof in the clerk's office of the Lincoln County Court, pursuant to Chapter 36, Gen. Statutes of Kentucky.

I. The name of the Corporation is the "Cumberland Valley Land Company."

II. The general nature of the business is to buy and sell lands in Barren and Bell counties, Ky., to mine coal and to manufacture lumber.

III. Its principal place of business is Stanford, Kentucky.

IV. The capital stock is fixed at \$150,000, with privilege to begin on \$50,000. Each share is \$100. to be paid in money.

V. The Corporation shall begin business on the 25th day of July, 1887, and continue 25 years.

VI. The affairs of the Corporation are to be conducted by a Board of seven Directors, from which a President, Secretary and Treasurer are to be elected. The incorporators shall compose the first board, and the election thereafter to be held on the third Wednesday of July annually.

VII. The Corporation shall incur no debt greater than one-fourth of its paid up stock.

VIII. The private property of stockholders shall be exempt from corporate debts and liabilities.

IX. The Corporation shall possess all the powers prescribed in Chapter 36, General Statutes of Kentucky.

W. G. WELCH, ROBT. BOYD, VINCENT BOREING, JOHN BENNETT, GEORGE MCALISTER, W. P. WALTON, J. S. HOCKER.

(249-25)

GANTER'S

CHICKEN

Cholera Cure!

Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Cholera. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that positively cures it has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cent bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guaranteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded.

DR. W. B. PENNY,

DENTIST,

Stanford - Kentucky

Office on Lancaster street, next door to INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary.

(154-17)

Office on Lancaster street, next door to INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary.

(154-17)

Office on Lancaster street, next door to INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary.

(154-17)

Office on Lancaster street, next door to INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary.

(154-17)

BANK STOCK FOR SALE!

I wish to sell Forty-five Shares of First National Bank stock of Stanford. If not sold privately will sell publicly County Court day, Sept. 24th-1887.

H. T. BUSH,

247-14

LAKE ICE!!

I will deliver to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

Two Cents Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Spring and Summer Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Rushing, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Bulley & Warren, next door to the Myers House, 162-2nd.

KATE DUDDEAR.

Notary Public.

AYRES & GIVENS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

541 Fifth Street,

LOUISVILLE, - - - KY.

Rooms 3 and 5, Crooke Block. (156-17)

PEARSON & CLARK,

Wholesale Grocers

LEXINGTON, KY.

12 & 14 West Main Street.

200-6m

TAXES! TAXES!

The New Revenue Law adds six per cent. to all taxes unpaid by the first day of September, and I will have to collect it. So please come forward and settle.

T. D. NEWLAND, S. L. C.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r.

83-6m

J. S. MARTIN, J. M. PERKINS.

BROOKHEAD, KY., May, 1887.

Albright & Martin beg to inform their many friends and customers of the change in firm name to

MARTIN & PERKINS.

The new firm hopes, not only to sustain the reputation of the old, but intends to make many improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which will lie to the interest of our customers. We will devote special attention to our Natural Leaf brand of Kentucky's best leaf. Thanking you for past favors and asking for a continuation of your trade, we remain,

Respectfully yours,

MARTIN & PERKINS.

83-6m

DR. I. S. BURDETT,

OCULIST,

BROOKHEAD, KY.

Has had an experience of over fifteen years, and has successfully treated hundreds of cases. Special attention is given to the treatment of all diseases of the eye. Name and address of persons cured given on application if desired.

220-6m

L. & N.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.